

DIALOGUE upon DIALOGUE:
OR
L·E·S·T·R·A·N·G·E,
No PAPIST nor JESUITE;
BUT THE
Dog TOWZER:
Shewed in a short and plain DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
Philo-Anglicus and Philo-L·E·s·t·r·a·n·g·e.

Improbis ipsa nequitia Supplicium.

Phi. Ang. **H**OW, now Name-sake, what's become of *Towzer*?

Phi. Le. What *Towzer* mean you, Sir? there are many Doggs of the Name, sir.

Phi. Ang. I mean the *Goliath Towzer*, and the *Diana Towzer*, or because you seem'd to like it in your discourse with *Pragmaticus* the other day, the *Gogmagog Towzer*, that once so rouz'd and towz'd the Nation with his *Pen*, both City and Country, whorrying all sorts of People, and after whom the Hue and Cry went, that he might be taken and Collerd up.

Phi. Le. O Sir, if that be the *Towzer* you mean, 'tis he that broke his Halter in Effigie, and whom the Devill lash'd out of the Parliaments way, whilst the cunning Jesuites look'd on, with Trouble to see their poor Bandog forc'd to hide his Head. But if I did know where he was, I should not tell you; it may be he is gone to *Scotland* for his friend *H.B.* had a Letter from Him the other day.

Phi. Ang. No, no, he is, I believe nearer home, and begins again to groule, and foist secret and seditious Pamphlets, as he was wont, *incognito*, since the Dissolution of the Parliament. But since he is no Papist, nor Jesuite, as you most learnedly have made *Pragmaticus* believe, why don't he appear as he was wont?

Phi. Le. He wont appear for reasons best known to himself. It is not for fear of such Fellows as you. But I hope yet to see *Towzer* Tryumphant: the day is coming, that he will appear in splendor, with a Whip at his Tayl, and a Bell about his Neck, and then you shall see your poor sneaking Currs will run away with their Tayls between their Legs.

Phi. Ang. Oh! Oh! that is when *Mack* enters with the Popes Procession. When his Holiness his great Toe shall be enshrined in *St. Pauls Church*, and *Te Deum* sung at the first saying of Mass in *St. Peters*.

Phi. Le. For all I have so rationally convinc'd *Pragmaticus*, that he is no Papist nor Jesuite, I see you still believe him one,

44
[2]
Phi. Ang. If I don't believe him one, there are many thousands that do: but as for my own thoughts I may keep them to my self.

Phi. Le. Do you think then that *Towzer* is of no Religion? what dare you believe that he is no Protestant? and not a better Protestant than the Peer that made the Speech? *hominus! homin!*

Phi. Ang. Shall I tell you what I think? for since you say I dare not think him a Papist, neither Barefaced, nor in Masquerade, then I will think him a Luke-warm Protestant.

Phi. Le. A Luke-warm Protestant: what is that?

Phi. Ang. Why it is such an one as at this time ought to be Spew'd out, 'tis such an one that would conjoin the Mass and the Common Prayer, it is such an one that would Entail the Crown to a Popish Successor, such an one, that under the name of a Protestant would fain Cruelty to pieces all Dissenters: Such an one who would fain see Arbitrary Government flourish in England, and that almost hates the name of a Parliament: That endeavours to promote a Faction, and to set up the Image of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and to make all men to fall down and worship it; one that rails at Petitioning and scoffs at all appearance of Goodness and Sobriety.

Phi. Le. Hold, hold, you'll be out of Breath anon. Can *Towzer* be all this and no Papist?

Phi. Ang. Yes, yes, he is a feeling Protestant, only feeling towards Popery, but when the Altar is set up he'll fall flat before it.

Phi. Le. But *Towzer* says, he is a true sincere Protestant, one of the Church of England, a reformed Papist, and ought not I to believe him? Sure he best knows his own Religion.

Phi. Ang. You may believe him if you please, but so long as he Barks *Romish*, I cannot but think, with many others, that he Bats of the Popes Bread, and if he be not of the Popes Religion, he is so much the worse to defile his own Protestant Nest, and to tear it almost to pieces with his Scratching Claws. A Tree is known by its Fruit, and we judge only of *Towzer* by his Barking, which is almost plain down *Romish*. Has he not whorried all the World besides: and has he not fawn'd and glaz'd on the very Plotters themselves, and their Adherents? has he not generally given occasion of Offence? I say, if he be not a Papist, he is then a very unthanky *Towzer*, that has set the whole Troop of the little Currs of the Parish a Barking at him.

Phi. Le. Poor *Towzer*? I see there is no pity among you: methinks you should not run a Dog down, that is under Affliction.

Phi. Ang. Affliction, he says, is the way to promotion: no doubt but he has generous Matters, that can and will pay him well for his Sufferings. We find he is the same *Towzer* still, and the Nation is so well acquainted with his Barking that they know his Voice, tho they cannot see the Ban-dog.

Phi. Le. He has a loud Voice if you can hear him out of Scotland.

Phi. Ang. He has a roaring Voice, that has been heard through the 3 Nations, and of late we have heard some of his new Pamphletical Howlings and Growlings since the Dissolution of the Parliament. Besides there is one *Trinculo*, a great knaver of Popish Bones, that used to Bark much against Petitioning, and Sir William Waller, now newly employ'd to send about and spread all the Seditious and Libellous Barkings of *Towzer* and others.

Phi. Le. Who is this Dog *Trinculo*?

Phi. Ang. One that formerly hated *Towzer*, but now the Cause the blessed Cause, and the Popish Faction, the new Protestant Religion, the Luke-warm Masquerading Church-men have untied *Towzer* and *Trinculo*: And *Towzer* is a very honest Protestant Cur with *Trinculo*.

Phi. Le. Where dwells this barking *Trinculo*?

Phi. Ang. At the sign of the Popes printing Press, with a Kite made of the Cities Petition flying over it.

Phi. Le. Oh I know him now, he has been a sleep ever since the Parliament began, as if he had took Opium.

Phi. Ang. 'Twas mear Dog sleep: but now he begins again to Bark and is become *Towzers*, *Machs*, and the Popes Setting Dog.

Phi.

Phi. Le. I see there is no dealing with you, you are far worse than *Pragmaticus*: but for all your Malice to *Towzer*, I say, I can prove he is no Papist and no Jesuite.

Phi. Ang. With the same learned Arguments that you used to *Pragmaticus*? Such convincing and knock-down Arguments? But they went down with me.

Phi. Le. Nay, I will use others if you please to hear them, and just such pithy ones as *Pragmaticus* used to prove *Towzer* a Papist and Jesuite.

Phi. Ang. I know you are good at building Houses with Cards, and then blowing them down a gale; at raising of Airy Giants, and then laying them on their backs; you learn'd this Conjuring trick of *Towzer*, 'twas one of his Master-pieces. But let us hear you. As for his being a Jesuite you may spare your pains. Though a Married Priest and Jesuite may be Dispensed with, witness *L. C. M.*

Phi. Le. Well then, I say *Towzer* is no Papist because he says so himself, and you ought to believe him.

Phi. Ang. Belief is an Art I am not Master of, unless convinced by Reason or Demonstration, both which has made me believe other ways, and many Thousands besides.

Phi. Le. Nay, if nothing else will serve your turn, I ha' done with you. But stay, I say then *Towzer* is no Papist, because his own Conscience tells him so; what say you to that?

Phi. Ang. There is something in that indeed. But he has described so many strange sort of Consciences, that I believe he knows not his own, and besides I have but his word for it; and he may have a lying Conscience, for ought I know.

Phi. Le. Nay, If you won't believe Conscience, I know not what to say to you; for that ought to be believed before Oaths or Proofs, be they never so plain. But I have another Knock-down Argument for you, and that must make you of my Mind.

Phi. Ang. What's that?

Phi. Le. Well, *Towzer* has often Bark'd against the Papists, and is a pretended Abhorrer of them, as well as of the Fanatics, therefore he can't be a Papist.

Phi. Ang. Hal! hal! he! You have knockt me down indeed. There's many a Jesuite has done the same; They can rail at their Friends, praise their Enemies, hug those they intend to stab, drink with you and cut your Throat, as well as being Priests, wear Perukes, Swords, and swear *God Damn me*, — O! there's more than all this done for the Cause.

Phi. Le. But one Argument more and the Devil go with you, if you are not convinc'd. *Towzer* has been always Loyal to his King, and therefore no Papist.

Phi. Ang. *Towzer* says so, but there is a question if one can be at once faithful to the D. and Loyal to the K? But have a care what you say, the Papists will take it unkindly to hear you say a Papist can't be Loyal. I hope the D. is very Loyal, as well as *Towzer*, and yet he is a Papist, what say you now?

Phi. Le. Well to satisfy you and all the World, if you please, *Towzer* shall swear he is no Papist, and take any Oath or Test you shall give him.

Phi. Ang. That won't do: none of those Bones will choak a Papist; alas they can swallow them as easily as a Jugler a Knife or a Cup. They have cunning evading Tricks an Oath Legerdmain you are not acquainted with; nay, they can Die with these Oaths in their mouths, and go to Heaven immediately.

Phi. Le. I see you are an hard soul-mouth'd Beast, such an one as *Towzer* inveighs against, that will believe nothing.

Phi. Ang. Give me but one Argument, in which I can find but any thing of sense or reason, and I believe you.

Phi. Le. Why Logically thus: *Towzer* is no Christian, but every Papist is a Christian; ergo, *Towzer* is no Papist.

Phi. Ang. By the French Kings Garlick eaters, this smells strong of Reason, and here's my hand on't; I'll never call *Towzer* a Papist Dog any more, but plain unchristian *Towzer*.

Phi. Le. I am glad I have converted you, I never Dialogued any body in my life, but I convinc'd them at last: poor *Pragmaticus* went away the other day as well satisfied as could be, and no doubt but with my Arguments he will convince the whole Nation, at least the better and more learned sort, that poor *Towzer* is no Papist.

Phi.

Phi. Ang. But to satisfy my Conscience, and the more to confirm me in this Opinion, that *Towzer* is no Papist, but a plain Pagan *Towzer*, let me ask you some few Questions.

Phi. Le. Ask what you please, I shall endeavour to satisfy you.

Ph. Angl. Why does *Towzer* still endeavour to turn all the Papists Plots into ridicule? and why did you (for you are his Scholar and speak his words) after your drolling with *Pragmaticus*, say, perhaps, some of those bloody things might be true? perhaps --- 'twas an ugly word, and look'd like a Papist.

Phi. Le. Why, wont you give a Fidler leave to use his Fiddle-stick? *Towzer* is so us'd to droll and jest in all he says, that he can't forbear: 'tis only his Humour, but, he made amends, and granted *Pragmaticus*, the Papists might be all what he charg'd them with, and the Authors also of the last great Plague in London.

Phil. Angl. There was a Jest: but, Let me tell you, Tho they were not Authors of the Plague, they have been of a worse to the whole Kingdom since that, by their damnable Conspiracy.

Ph. Le. I grant you that, but still *Towzer* is no Papist, tho he laughs at all those Plots after his way.

Ph. Ang. Nay, if it be only his humour: 'tis well enough. But how shall I know that Papists are Christians?

Phi. Le. Because we were Reformed from them, and because they are full of Boils, Sores, and blaines of Errors and Abuses: and are not *Towzers* nor Cats, nor Wolves, Dragons, nor fiery Serpents.

Phil. Angl. Very good, They are not those Creatures in *specie*, but all those, and far worse *allegorically*, as many poor Christians in most Countries can testify, and thousands of harmless *Indians* in *America*. They are *Christians*, I grant you, *in nomine*, but, in *practice* as far from the Apostles, as the Pope is from *St. Peter*, or the distance of Heaven from Earth. Therefore, if *Towzer* be not a Papist *in nomine*, by name, is he not one by Nature, or *Allegorically*?

Phi. Le. Nay, nay, if you run to Allegories, i'll leave you: I have nothing to say to Allegories. I say, the Church of *Rome* is Christian, 'tis no matter how: and I have prov'd it. And, that *Towzer* is no Papist-Christian, but *Towzer*, grinning, snarling, snapping, railing, and dialoguing *Towzer*, with a whip and a bell, with which he will lash shortly this brazen fac'd Age, this impudent Age in which we live.

Phil. Ang. Well, be not angry name-like *Philo*: I am convinc'd, that *Towzer* is still *Towzer*, and so farewell.

*When Popes in England shall Successors be,
Sir Crack-Fart Towzer will be made a Knight.*

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